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CITY WORTHIES.—No. 21.

From the Saturday News and Literary Gazette.
BY JOSEPH C. NEIL.

HUSBAND HUNTING.

Husband hunting is a phrase generally used by the world, to designate the manœuvring of ladies, anxious to enter the estate of matrimony. It has however, a wider sense and a more extended application.

A careful and sagacious student of human nature—one who, deeply impressed with the profundity of the poet's dictum, that the proper study of mankind is man, diligently devotes himself to investigations of that character—has announced it as the proud result of years of labor, that he has discovered that "white folks is very unsartain," and hence it is that after obtaining a husband, either by hunting, by trapping, or by any other means, it is too often necessary to keep him by hunting. The "unsartainity" peculiar to white folks, is manifest in them both when married and when single. Husbands will walk off at times and leave their wives to count the weary clock, and mourn their absence. Under these unpleasant circumstances many females will remain quietly at home, weeping bitter tears until their eyes have lost their brightness, and their nasal organs assume the form and color of a boiled beet. But there are others who scorn repose—ardent souls that fight their own wrongs, and in person punish all contumacy. These are of the race known, wherefore we cannot tell, as "grey mares"—a very numerous class, descended from the Amazons and a wandering detachment of the Snapping Turtle Indians.

Fragments of secret history will sometimes escape even when the greatest care is used to prevent it, and a passage of this description, illustrating the facts above set forth, is subjoined:

One night—it was a lovely night, during a warm spell which succeeded a cold snap in the latter part of the winter—the moon was shining sweetly upon the chimney tops, tinged with fairy silver the fire plugs which were lucky enough to be on the north side of the street, and playing with romantic effect upon the crazy sides and rough fastnesses of the curb stones. A soft southern breeze sighed through the streets, and loitered round the corners, whispering soft nonsense into the ears of the somnolent Charleys, as they enjoyed happy visions of lukewarm cakes and pepper pot. All nature, as well as the brick bats and paving stones, seemed wrapped in indolent, sleepy luxury. Even the cats and dogs were silent. In short it was a very peculiar sort of a night—one in which a sneeze would have been a violation of decorum, and to whistle Yankee Doodle a profanation.

Who would have thought that on such a night, so mild, so placid, so mollifying in its nature, there was one heart a prey to tender anguish?—one Bianca mourning for her truant Pazio? Yet there was, and it is strange that the sighs of the possessor of that heart did not ruffle the southern breeze, and rouse sympathy from its lap. But on this occasion it is feared that sympathies kept remarkably good hours, and did not stir abroad after ten o'clock, P. M.—for it is certain that Mrs. Infelicia Grinks was not favored with his company.

Mrs. Grinks is by no means a trifling personage. She is one of those born to do the tragedy of the world, and to rank far above the low comedians, who help to fill out the entertainment. She is five feet eleven in her stockings, and something more on her shoes, when heels are in fashion—her nose is constructed on the cutwater principle, and is precisely the instrument to make its way through a crowd, for it looks as well calculated to gash those who do not give way, as if it were a tomahawk. Her one eye is used to keep her in a proper direction, and her voice, when she chooses to employ its lower notes, strongly resembles the humming of the front door, or the report of a locomotive window shutter; but when she ascends into *alt.*, the northwest wind through a key hole could not be more penetrating. The distant sound of it sets the teeth of a whole neighborhood on edge, and gives a vinegar look to all the people.

When she dealt a little in shad, no one after enquiring the price, dared venture on the attempt at cheapening the finny commodity.

"Is that the lowest, Mrs. Grinks?" would be the query.

"Why, sartainly—what d'ye speet?—fishes is fishes now, and shads is skurse, drat 'em!" and Mrs. Grinks would slap two shad together until they cracked like a musket, or a swivel; "skurse enough, the scaly rascalscans,—and as for the profits is small, them as prices ought to buy, so's to pay a feller for her time used in talking—petickelary when a feller's a widder!" and slap

would go the fishes again to the great discomposure of the nerves of every one in the vicinity.

Now, although the remark of Mrs. Grinks about her being a "widder feller" was a mere figure of speech, and not founded in fact, yet the appeal was generally successful. Indeed, the pathos apart, there was something in her tone, in her Patagonian frame, in her expressive attitude, holding a shad by the tail in each hand like a war club, and in her well known choleric temper, which made the address irresistible. Mark Antony himself over his Cesar was not more persuasive than Grinks over her "skurse shads."

"It's well she bought 'em," would be the reflection of Mrs. Grinks on the occasion; "for if there's any thing I hate to do, it's being obligated to flop a customer over the noddle with a shad, 'specially if it's a lady with a brain tearin' fine bonnet—a hard flop with a shad always spoils spring fashions; but them as prices has got to buy—I sticks up for principle, and if they won't buy, it goes agin my feelin's, but flop 'em I must. We must keep people from gittin' too sassy, or by 'nby they'll take our shads for nothin', and ask us to carry 'em home into the bargain."

But to return from the digression, and to travel clearly back to the night in question. It must be stated that Mrs. Grinks has a husband, Tom Grinks, who, compared to her, is only "knees high to a musquitto." Now, when Tom is "sassy," or she happens to think him so, Mrs. Grinks invariably takes the liberty to "flop" him, and she is not always careful to use an instrument so little likely to hurt as a shad. In fact, she prefers employing a shovel on such occasions, as it affords a variety, allowing either a cob with the blade, or a whack with the handle, and giving scope for a scientific application of the corrective.

It is, however, rather singular to find that Tom decidedly objects to being shovelled about in this way; and one evening after his spouse had returned from a very convivial tea party, and had, as usual on such occasions, logged out the shovel to begin her exercises, Tom beat a precipitate retreat, and wandered off like Charles Edward, the "young Shovelier," after the battle of Culloden.

Mrs. Grinks pursued—she was the Bianca, and her Thomas was the absent Pazio.

A drowsy watchman, walking his lonely round, stumbled on the pavement.

"My eye! what's this?" said he, in surprise; "is it a woman?"

"Yes, I am a woman," replied Mrs. Grinks, for it was no less a personage. "A rare woman. Walk Spanish, you varmint, and let me alone."

"If I might presume to advise, you had better get up, or you'll contract a slight catarrh, as my doctor said to me when I was sitting on a wet chair. Them brickbats doesn't make good feather beds. Get up and go to breakfast."

"Where's my old man?—tell me that—where's Tom?—tell us right off the reel."

"I hasn't the facility of knowing the gentleman—and can't tell off the reel, nor no other way."

"Now look 'ee, Marty, my son," said Mrs. Grinks, sitting bolt upright; "don't slice me off any of your gammon, 'cause I'm a lady born and bred; and if you do, young'un, I'll make you see more stars in a minute than a dozen men could look at in a week. That's the rule how-dee-doo!—that's the sassy shine!"

"Whew! bless my heart! why you're obnoxious—and comes under the ordination in that case made and provided."

"I don't know Noxious—she's no kin to me nor Tom. Tom's hopped the twig; I'm a lone widder feller, or most as bad—when you an't got your husband it's just the same as if you hadn't none—my lot's a hard'un!" said Mrs. Grinks, sobbing, and giving the pavement a slap with her hand.

"Very hard," observed the Charley, leaning rather timidly at the hand which was capable of extracting so loud a sound from baked clay—"yes, very hard; but if you ain't hard of hearing, get up and come with me."

"But men is men all the world over!" said Mrs. Grinks, as if communing with her own thoughts and unconscious of the presence of a listener; "Men is men all the world over, and you can't help it no how. To run away just because I was lookin' for the shovel so as to play with him a little!—Heigho! when Tom just came a courtin' me you'd a thought butter wouldn't a melted in his mouth, he used to make believe he was sich a good feller. He swore he loved me—we got married, and now he's shinned it like a whitehead, and I wouldn't wonder if he's took the spoons along with him—that's the way men always does. Heigho! I was a good deal poorer once than I am now."

"I hope so," observed the Charley; "for I must say you a't a petickler great shakes in the pooly line at present."

"But pooly is not pooly does. Them's my sentiments. Tom didn't act pooly, and if I ketch him—burn his skin—I'll spile his picket; and as for you," continued she fiercely, "as she scrambled to her feet; "as for you, you're a nice specimen of a Charley. Clear out; make a strait coat tail, or you'll soon think the carry-

wan is come to town, and that the elephant kicked you!"

The belligerent attitude of the disconsolate matron alarmed the man of watch, and for a moment he stepped back dismayed.

"Here's your master, and here's your mistress," continued she, protruding her dexter and sinister paws, which were of terrific size;—"I'll give you a lesson in dancing and manners."

"Ah! don't; I'm too old to learn. I knows manners already."

Well, then, tell us where's Tom. No dodging—tell us where he is."

Charley, bethinking him of a stratagem, promised, if she would come with him, to conduct her to Tom.

"You're a gentleman. I know'd it from the first; and I sees it in your elegant behavior. None of your high binders, but a righty dighty gent'-man."

Mrs. Grinks walked off, and to her surprise found herself suddenly in that Donjon Keep where it is easier to get in than to get out. In the morning, however, she returned home and discovered Tom "boiling the kettle for breakfast," having made a fire with the handle of the shovel, and peace being restored, it is probable they'll have no more trouble until the next time.

A Beautiful Candidate for a Crown.

The Emperor had reached the zenith of his prosperity. He was making kings with as much ease as he was making marshals. Murat had just been transferred from the Grand Duchy of Berg to the throne of Naples, when one morning a carriage drove into his court-yard and a lady alighted from it. Ah miserico! I exclaimed, it is her Imperial Highness the Princess de Guastalla (Madame Borghese, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte). I was hastening down stairs to receive her with all due ceremony, when happening to pass a window which looked out to the garden, I beheld advancing towards the house—who, but the Emperor himself. He rang at the back door, usually appropriated to the servants, and entered. He was, I think, accompanied by Berthier. Here was a rencontre!—It was Scylla and Carybdis! I might perha's have feigned not to recognise the emperor, but with a most imperative gesture, he beckoned me to him. I therefore turned to the right about, and leaving the Princess to find her way to the drawing room unattended, I hurried to the Emperor.

"Prince," said he, as soon I was in his presence, "I know that my sister wishes to speak with you. Show me into an adjoining room, where I may hear her thunderbolts. Say what you can to appease her, but do not pledge me for any thing. Go to her quickly. She will never forgive you for keeping her waiting."

I thought of the fatal position of Germanicus with Nero, in Racine's tragedy, in the scene in which Junie complains to the former of the cruelty of the latter. I had prepared myself for a most violent reception, but all my expectations fell short of the reality. The Princess as soon as she saw me, taxed me with my want of respect, and complained of not having found me waiting to receive her at the door of my hotel. The first ebullition of ill humor being exhausted, I said:

"Madam, if your Imperial highness had been pleased to give me notice of your intention to confer on me this honor, I should undoubtedly have observed the due etiquette. But, as I am not endowed with prescience, it was only a few minutes ago that I learned, from my servants, that the sister of our august monarch was in my house."

"His sister, sir! rather say an unfortunate, a forsaken, a miserable slave!"

"Is it possible, Madam, that enjoying as you do, the favour of his Imperial Majesty, can you have any cause of complaint?"

"His favour! What a mockery! Does he show his favor by degrading me?"

"No Madam, but by having elevated you to the dignity of an Imperial Princess, by having conferred on you the Duchy of Guastalla, and united you to a Roman Prince!"

"A brilliant marriage truly! An illustrious rank! I have indeed reason to congratulate myself when I see Caroline a Queen, my sister-in-law a Queen, and then Josephine's daughter a Queen, or on the point of becoming one;—and I suppose there is a kingdom in store for Jerome's wife! Eliza, too, will be crowned by and by; whilst I am nothing. Hear me, Prince Cambaceres. Go immediately to Bonaparte, and tell him, that if he does not raise me to the dignity of Queen, I have a terrible vengeance in reserve for him."

"But which your sisterly affection will not permit you to indict."

"My affection! I hate him, he is a monster."

"Hush, Princess!" I exclaimed, with some alarm. "Know that in France walls have ears."

"I care not—I defy his police—and I would tell him all I have said to his face—I will seek refuge in England, or he shall perish by my hand."

I became more and more alarmed, and I was about to reply, when the Emperor saved me the trouble. He opened the door and presented himself to the astonished Princess.

"Maniac!" he exclaimed, "you shall not go to England, but to Clarenton."

"Ah! so you have followed me," said she. "Then you thought I really intended to throw myself into the Seine, as I threatened! I have come here to request Prince Cambaceres to intercede for me. Now, my dear Napoleon, I must have a crown—I don't care where it is.—Make me queen of Portugal—or Denmark,—what you will. I would even reign in Switzerland or Corfu—no matter where—but a crown I must have. Am I to be the only one of the family who does not wear one! Oh, Napoleon! your unkindness will kill me!"

With these words she burst into a flood of tears. The capricious beauty had changed her imperious tone to one of supplication and tender reproach. The Princess Pauline was certainly a most fascinating woman; but, at that moment, she appeared to be more charming than ever. I could not wonder at the ascendancy she gained over the Emperor. He was at first in a violent rage; but his anger was gradually soothed, and when Pauline stopped short in her appeal to him and burst into tears, he advanced to her, and said affectionately:

"My dear sister, why are you not satisfied? I am doing all I can for you. Kingdoms cannot be created at my will. Besides, your husband is not a Frenchman."

"Let me have a divorce, then."

"Heaven forbid!"

"I will be a Queen, or I will go to London."

"You shall go to Vincennes."

"I defy you—I will strangle myself as I enter."

I know not what circumstance was recalled to Napoleon's mind by this threat; but his brow lowered, his eyes flashed, and he bit his lips till he almost drew blood; and then in a voice faltering with emotion, he exclaimed:

"So much the better, madame! You will rid me of a termagant, whom I find more difficult to govern than all Europe together!—I see that you are only to be ruled by a rod of iron. I therefore command you to go immediately to Madame Mere, and there await the orders which the Prince Arch Chancellor shall deliver to you from me."

"Then you will make me a queen?—I must be crowned."

"Really, Pauline, to hear you, one would imagine that I had wronged you of your right of succession to the late King our father."

I had before never known the Emperor to have recourse to this sort of pleasantry, but I often afterwards heard him employ similar language. On the occasion which I have first been describing, this good humored touch of satire had an excellent effect. Pauline blushed, and a rapid glance at the past reminded her of her humble origin, contrasted as it was with the high rank to which her brother had raised. A sudden change was effected in her feelings, she hung down her head, and was evidently mortified and ashamed. Napoleon asked her whether she had come alone. She named one of her ladies, I do not recollect whom, and said she was waiting in another apartment.

"Let her come in," said the Emperor.

"I rang—the order was given, and the lady appeared. The Emperor directed her not to lose sight of the Princess Borghese, and then, turning me, he added:

"Let us retire to your cabinet."

"Am at your Majesty's disposal," replied I; "but permit me first to observe the ceremony due to the Princess."

"Well, well! only be quick!"

He proceeded to my cabinet, and I escorted the Princess to her carriage. As soon as I had got rid of her, I flew to the Emperor. I found him walking about the room with hurried steps.

"Well, Prince!" said he, as soon as I entered, "this is one of the thousand disagreeable scenes which, tyrant as they say I am, I am compelled to endure. This morning Pauline came to me, commenced an altercation, assumed an imperative tone, and ended by threatening to leave herself. Seeing the excited state she was in, and knowing her violent temper, I became alarmed. She left me; I followed her and as soon as she stepped into her carriage, I took possession of the first cabriolet I saw standing in the court-yard of the Tuilleries. She drove across the bridges; I suspected she was coming to you—I entered by your back door, and you know the rest. A crown for a Borghese!—Such a proposition would excite an insurrection in the army! The Borghese are of pure blood royal I know; but kings of my creation must be of my own blood, and must have received the baptism of the sword. However, I am anxious to soothe Pauline. Her husband shall be made Governor of Piedmont. Tell her this from me; and moreover, that I will give her a million francs to clear off her debts and reset her diamonds. A million francs!—what a sum! How much happiness it would diffuse if distributed! Ah, Prince! what a cross is a numerous family to a man like me! I have always envied the happiness of Melchisedech, who never knew father, mother, brother, and, above all, sisters."

Foot's favorite but was Garrick. David wound up an attack on some person's character, by an intimation, that perhaps it would be better that he should pull the beam out of his own eye. "Aye, and so you would," said Foot, "if you could sell this timber!"

Modern Embalming.—Scott, a late traveller in Egypt, relates the following anecdote, the truth of which he does not vouch for, though he acknowledges that there is hardly any thing so odd that an English traveller may not do it:—

"An English traveller had a great desire to be mummified after the manner of the ancient Egyptians; and having paid in advance to the operators, bound them with a solemn oath to do his bidding, prepared his sarcophagus, and written a long notice of his life and opinions, swallowed a dose of arsenic. He was, of course, 'gathered to his fathers'; his body underwent the embalming process, and the papyrus having been placed on his ambitious breast, was inclosed in a red granite case, and deposited in a tomb that had been prepared for its reception. Not many years afterwards some roguish Arabs sold the precious relic to a learned Frenchman, who carried it to Paris, vain beyond belief of having acquired such a treasure, which, judging from the splendour of the case, he thought must be a Pharaoh at least. A party of brother savans were invited to assist at the ceremony of enrolment, when, after some hundred yards of fine linen had been removed, the papyrus was discovered, which in plain English declared the great defunct to have been Mr. Peter Simpkins, of Finchurch street and Camberwell grove, soap-boiler and salt-refiner to the Royal Family, and many years an inmate of St. Luke's."

A Miser's Prayer.—Among many curious papers found after John Ward's death, member of the British Parliament for Hackney, there was one in his own hand writing, of which the following is a copy:

"Oh, Lord, thou knowest that I have nine houses in this city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple, in the county of Essex. I beseech thee to preserve the counties of Essex and Middlesex from fire and earthquake; and as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg the likewise to have an eye of compassion on that county, and for the rest of the counties thou may'st deal with them as thou art pleased! Oh, Lord, enable the banks to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, because I have insured it; and as thou hast said that the days of wicked are but short, I trust in thee that thou wilt not forget thy promise, as I have purchased an estate in reversion, which will be mine on the death of that profligate young man, Sir J. L."

Mental Reservation.—The following story of an Irish woman's adroitness in evading enquiry, which we find in an English paper, does not strike us as being entirely new, but droll:

"A country magistrate was examining an Irishwoman. 'What's gone of your husband, Shelah?' 'What's gone of him, your honor's worship; faith, and he's gone dead.' 'Ah, pray what did he die of?' 'Die of, your honor; he died of a Tuesday.' 'I don't mean what day of the week, but what complaint?' 'Oh! complaint, your honor; faith, and it's he that didn't get time to complain.' 'Oh! oh! ay, he died suddenly?' 'Rather that way your worship.' 'Did he fall down in a fit?' (No answer from Shelah.) 'He fell down in a fit, your honor's worship; why not exactly that; he—he fell out of a window, or a door, I don't know what they call it.' 'Ay, ay; and he broke his neck.' 'No, not quite that, your worship.' 'What then?' 'There was a bit of a string, or cord, or that like, and it throttled poor Mick.' 'And pray for what did he suffer?' 'Suffer, your worship (weeping) faith, only for embellishing (embezzling) a trifle that he taught was his own, but his master said it was not, and so they swore away his precious life, and that's all: for Mick's as innocent as the babe unborn.'"

A roguish boy stole the glasses from his grandfather's spectacles, and when the old gentleman put them on, finding he could not see, he exclaimed, "Mercy on me, I've lost my sight!" but thinking the impediment of vision might be dirtiness of the glasses, took them off to wipe them; he still more frightened, cried out, "Why, what's come now? why, I have lost my feeling, too!"

"Turn out, turn out, or by golly I'll serve you as I did a man 'other day," hollered a Jonathan, who with his gal in a lumber box, was about coming in contact with a dandy in his fine gig. affrighted beau turned out, for he was sadly terrified at the mysterious threat, and as brother Jonathan was passing, asked how he served the other man? "Why, I turned out myself."

Jonathan presented himself and his intended to the minister, for the purpose of being married. Being asked if they had been published—"Oh! I guess so—for I told it to uncle Ben, and he told his wife of it more than a week ago."

Foot's favorite but was Garrick. David wound up an attack on some person's character, by an intimation, that perhaps it would be better that he should pull the beam out of his own eye. "Aye, and so you would," said Foot, "if you could sell this timber!"

From the N. H. Patriot.

I observed in your paper of the 17th inst. notice of an act of the Massachusetts Legislature, in favor of the "only surviving invalid of the battle of Bunker Hill," Henry Gates.

This may be true of Massachusetts,—but though nearly sixty years have passed since that bloody day, there are still, in other States, some scattered soldiers of that eventful period, whose scarred breasts and amputated limbs bear testimony to the violence of the fight. At least there is one in New Hampshire.

More than eighty winters have chilled my blood and palsied my recollection, yet many of the events of that day are fresh in my memory. I was residing at Hopkinton, N. H. when the news of Lexington fight was received, and immediately started with a sure gun and small quantity of ammunition, determined to live free or die. I subsequently enlisted in Baldwin's company in Stock's regiment. We were marched from Mistick* to the hill early on the morning of the 17th, to assist in fortifying, which was carried on till the regulars landed and were about to make the attack. I then took my station behind the rail fence. The regulars advanced, and as soon as we thought them sufficiently near, the silence which previously reigned on our side the fence, was broken, by one continued roll of musketry. They were cut down by hundreds and were glad to fall back beyond the reach of our guns. In the interim, between charges, Gen. Putnam frequently passed exhorting us to keep cool and take good aim. I did not trouble myself about keeping cool, but endeavored to take good aim; with what effect I cannot say, except in the case of two individuals. One was a tory or deserter, whom I knew by his uniform. He was too far off to afford but faint hopes, yet my hatred of his character induced me to try twice on him without effect. The other was an officer who led on the Scotch regiment, and who, I thought as I leveled at his breast, was as noble a looking man as I ever saw. When the smoke arose, he lay upon his face and the back of his coat showed that the contents of at least one musket had passed through his body.

My ammunition was not expended when the retreat was ordered, and my anxiety to give them another shot detained me at the fence till left entirely alone. However I got off and crossed the neck in safety, and on halting, our Captain Baldwin, whom all loved, was missing.† Myself, one Robertson,‡ and ensign Stephen Hoyt, (father of Gen. Hoyt of Sandwich,) volunteered to go back and see what had become of him. He halted in front of a house near Plover hill. Ensign Hoyt went in, whilst Robertson and myself remained in the road looking at the regulars. I had an indistinct view of something passing before me, at the same time my gun fell and I was turned half round; I did not know I was hurt, till turning back, I saw Robertson's hand hanging by the skin, and felt the blood spouting from my own arm. The ball or shot came from a small vessel lying in the mill pond then so called, which kept up an irregular fire long after resistance had ceased.

I walked a short distance towards a house in which were some wounded men and a surgeon, but becoming faint, sat down on a log to wait arrival of assistance. This was the first moment I had for serious reflection. The defeat we had experienced—the doubtful issue of the conflict—my distant home—a widowed mother, who needed my assistance; my present condition and future subsistence, should life be spared; all rushed through my mind, and though I saw much to lament, I found no cause to repent, nor have I at any time since, the part I had taken. Seated on this log, my arm was taken off (as it was not entirely cut away by the shot) and the wound dressed as well as circumstances would allow, and I was removed to a hospital, and afterwards to my mother's. By the benevolence of the Rev. Elijah Fletcher of Hopkinton, I obtained an education sufficient to teach school, but this not agreeing with me and being partial to the cultivation of the soil, I have literally obtained my bread by the sweat of my brow.

In 1786, eleven years after, I was put on a pension of 20s per month or \$40 per annum. In 1813, through the assistance of Judge Sherburne, it was raised one third, and latterly to \$96 per annum. This, with constant labor, economy, and temperance, has furnished me with a comfortable subsistence for self and family. And though I have met with some hard fare in my march, and served a long campaign, I am still in the field, fond of liberty as ever—jealous of my country's rights, and an invalid of BUNKER HILL.

MOSES TRUSSELL.

New London, May 1, 1837.

*Mistick, proper.
†Captain Baldwin was from Hillsborough, N. H. He was shot through the body, was brought from the hill and died about sunset.
‡Robertson was an Englishman, he did not belong to our company, but was a brave man. He lost his right hand: I lost my left hand.

HINTS TO YOUNG FARMERS. Consider your calling the most elevated, and the most important; but never be above it, nor be afraid of the frock and the apron.

Put off no business, which ought and can be done to day, until to-morrow.

As soon as the spring opens and the frost is out of the ground, put your fences in order. Plant no more ground than you can well manage and cultivate to advantage.

Never hire a man to do a piece of work which you can do yourself.

Every day has its appropriate duties, attend to them in succession.

Keep no more stock, than you can keep in good order, and that of the best kind.

Never run into debt without a reasonable probability of solving it at the time agreed.

Remember that economy and industry are the two great pillars, the Jachin and Boaz of the farmer's prosperity.

Never carry your notes in your pocket book, as the desk or trunk is a more appropriate place. Keep them on file and in order, ready to be found when wanted.

Never buy any thing at an auction because the article is going cheap, unless you have a use for it.

Keep a place for your tools—and your tools in their place.

Instead of spending a rainy day at the dram shop as many do to their ruin, repair whatever wants mending—post your books.

By driving your business before you, you will have opportunities to indulge in innocent diversions.

Never trust your money in the hands of that man, who will put his own to hazard.

When interest or a debt becomes due; pay it at the time, whether your creditors want it or not. Never ask him to wait till "next week," but pay it. Never insult him by saying "you don't want it." Punctuality is a key to every man's chest.

By constant temperance, habitual moderate exercise, and unaffected honesty, you will avoid the fees of the lawyer and the sheriff, gain a good report, and probably add to your present existence, at least ten years of active life.

When a friend calls to see you, treat him with the utmost complaisance, but if important business calls your attention, politely excuse yourself and he will excuse you.

Keep a memorandum book—enter all notes whether received or given—all monies received or paid out—all expenses—all circumstances of importance.

In December reckon and settle with all those with whom you have accounts; pay your store bills and mechanics, if not promptly done at the time, which is best of all.

And lastly, when the frost of winter shall lay an embargo on your operations, and the chilling blasts of old Boreas shall storm your castle, let your fire-side be a paradise, and let the long evenings be consumed in social glee, or in the pursuit of useful knowledge.

BANKS OF AUGUSTA AND VICINITY.

It will be seen that the Banks of this town, in connection with others in the vicinity, have determined to suspend specie payment. The reasons for the step are furnished in the proceedings which are published below. We have no doubt that the Banks of this town have taken the course which they believed to be best for the community; but we must nevertheless be allowed to express our regret that a different one had not commended itself to their approval. We firmly believe, from the statistics exhibited, that every Bank in this town could have rode out the storm triumphantly without suspending. Doubtless in some instances they would have been obliged to take advantage of the "fifteen days," but with that no one could find fault, and the credit of the Banks would have remained unshaken. It does seem to us that a suspension was a thing to be avoided, if it possibly could be. It inflicts a stain upon our Banks which they cannot get rid of, and which every one, who entertains a just pride in the heretofore unsuspected credit of the banks and the town, ought to have staved off to the last moment. As it has occurred, we must make the best of it, and wipe it off by a speedy resumption of specie payment. With no other course will the public be satisfied—by no other means can the banks be sustained. By suspending they have put their bills on a par with the banks in Boston and New York, and they will continue on a par with those bills, so long as the suspension continues, whether they make over issues or not. Their paper must share the general depreciation, though that depreciation be none of their fault.—[The Age.]

Now is the time for the people to strike for an adequate specie basis to the currency. The most infatuated worshippers of a rag currency—the most devout denouncers of the "specie humbug" and the "specie circular," must have arrived at that point in the progress of their favorite system, where silence will be deemed discretion. Their great leader, the President of the Bank of the United States, informed the public a few weeks since, that the only remedy was to export specie—and now himself stops payment for want of specie! His organs have told us that paper was better than silver and gold, because more convenient—and now a U. S. Bank Bill for \$5 will bring only \$4.25 in specie. The oracles of the whig press have told us that the specie (which, they said, the administration had forced into the country by the abolishing of small bills and the specie circular) would do us more good in England than here—and now they tell us that the Banks have locked it up in their vaults to prevent its being exported to England! Upon what financial quackery is federal policy based; and how wretchedly have the adherents of the quack system found themselves duped!—[The Age.]

MISREPRESENTATION EXPOSED.

The federal papers, in order to do away the effect of the suspension of specie payments by the U. S. Bank, says:—

"In consequence of the failure of the Treasury of the United States to pay the demands upon it in specie, the Bank of the United States, holding large claims upon the Treasury banks which it is unable to release, has been compelled to suspend specie payments also."

Biddle's Bank holding large claims upon the Treasury! Ridiculous! The U. S. Bank owes Government SEVEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS FOR STOCK, AND HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS

OF THE PENSION FUND, and yet the priors in its pay endeavor to excuse it for suspending specie payments by saying that it cannot get its pay from the Treasury! when, instead of the Treasury owing the Bank, the Bank owes the Treasury SEVEN MILLIONS AND A HALF OF DOLLARS! If the Government gets 50 per cent of its claim on the U. S. Bank, it will do as well as can be expected, and we are not sure it would not make a good bargain if it were to sell out much less.—[Port. Argus.]

From the Eastern Argus.

The Bangor Whig devotes a column to an article copied into the Washington Globe from this paper, which it erroneously calls "a lamentation over the misfortunes of the Van Buren party in Maine." It is not necessary for us to follow the Whig through all its vagaries, for most of them carry their own refutation in their absurdity—but the following extract it may be well to put on record:—

"For one, we declare uncompromising and eternal war upon the principles and practice of the administration, both National and State, and we now bid the Argus put its house in order.—The Whigs of Maine have been ridden long enough; the time for a change has come; the people are ready for it; the fall elections will prove it. We say again, put your house in order. A change in the feelings and views of the people has already been effected which will sweep Van Burenism from the land. Mark what we say. The reign of reason and common sense, and the explosion of humbuggery, is at hand. We may not revolutionize Maine this year, but we tell you this early, that the power of Van Buren is shaken to its centre."

The warlike attitude of the Whig is neither new, strange, nor terrific—it has occupied the same ground, precisely, from the time when the breath of life was first breathed into it to the present moment, and we may add—(without any disparagement to its industry)—with precious little effect. The Whig will use the same arguments for six months to come, as it has for the last year, and our "house" is always sufficiently "in order" to meet them, or any others which the same hand can wield. If "the time for a change has come," and "the people are ready for it," and "the fall election will show it," why "not revolutionize Maine this year?" If you have the "people" with you, Mr. Whig, pray let us owe nothing to your forbearance—and if your political friends are, in reality, as you represent, under the saddle, and with sore backs, it is cruelly for you to insist on their waiting a year longer than necessary, for you to loosen the girths. We hear, actually, of the "change" of which the Whig speaks, but never in any other shape than on paper—we expect to hear of it annually, as long as we live; and from the Whig as long as it lives and aspires to be the federal paper of Maine.

But to be serious. If boasting would count at the ballot box, the Gazette and the Whig would have carried Maine for Gen. Harrison at the last election, and, years ago, have elected Mr. Kent Governor of Maine. Unfortunately for them it will not, and the only reward it brings them is the mortification of seeing all their predictions falsified, and their hopes, if they have any, dissolve into thin air.

If the reader will reflect how small a number, in proportion to the whole community, are affected by the present pressure, he will be at once satisfied that its extent and consequences have been marvellously overrated. The hard times are principally confined to the Atlantic cities, and to inland manufacturing towns, and to assert that there is any general distress, is to say that which cannot be sustained by facts. Burn every Bank bill in existence, and the country is the poorer only to the amount it cost to manufacture them—the basis on which they are issued, and without which they would be as worthless as so many rags, remains the same—neither your panics nor your pressures affect, in the remotest degree, the substantial wealth of the country.—[Port. Argus.]

THE PRESSURE, &c. The following article from the Albany Argus states the case fairly and exhibits the right spirit; it is comprehensive and meets our own views so entirely that we adopt it in preference to any thing we could say on the same subject.

On no occasion in the history of this country have the times required of every man more of mutual aid, forbearance and encouragement, than at this moment. While evil only can arise from crimination and fault finding, forbearance of evil, predictions of ruin, and especially political aspersion and misrepresentation; much good may be produced, and a kinder and better feeling infused, by the avoidance of the sources of aggravation, and by the cultivation of a spirit of forbearance and confidence.

We have thought that there was faults on both sides. Nothing, for instance, can betray a worse spirit and lead to worse results, than an attempt to charge the prevalent pecuniary difficulties to the measures of government, with a view to party effect. The convulsion through which we are passing, the throes of which are all around us, is the result of many combining causes. It springs chiefly, however, from the wild spirit which has produced excess in every species of business, and in all operations, whether in banking, speculation, or trading and commercial transactions. The vast and unnatural expansion of the credit system, started by foreign capitalists and bankers and literally urged upon their American correspondents, and thence through all the branches of adventure and enterprise, creating a morbid appetite or mania among nearly all classes of citizens and in nearly every section of the country, may be said to be the great source of the difficulty. Added to

these, are auxiliaries, which apply with peculiar and most disastrous force to the city of New York,—the extinction of millions by the great fire in that city, and the withdrawal from the seat of commercial transactions of many additional millions by the operation of the distribution law. How unjust then, as well as unprofitable, is the party effort, to charge the present condition of things upon the government; and how absurd the allegation that the mere question whether the payments for the public lands shall be made in specie or bank notes, is the primary cause of a revulsion, which is limited only by the boundaries of trade and commerce, which agitates England as severely as our own country, and which is now producing derangement and prostration in France, if not throughout all commercial Europe! So also on the other hand, too much is probably ascribed to the agency of the Bank of the United States and the Bank of England, for good or for evil; although the course of the former, its expansions at one moment and its contractions at another, and the reckless party movements and perversions of some of its political friends, with a view to effect upon the elections in our commercial cities, and upon Virginia, and to the future elections in this and other states, have no doubt aggravated them on this side of the water, as the too free credit given by the English institution to the joint stock companies has produced a like effect on the other.

But the causes lie far deeper than any covered by the too frequent criminations and recriminations of the day. They cannot be reached by alternatives and palliatives: and they certainly cannot be mended by party perversions and the parade of party delegations. But they may be greatly extended and aggravated by alarm, distrust, exaggerated statements, and gloomy predictions. These, indeed, are now among the most prominent causes of difficulty; calculated as they are to lead to a loss of confidence, and to produce disasters which might be avoided by mutual co-operation and a common effort to strengthen each others' hands. This remark is applicable to our banking institutions, which are generally entitled to the public confidence and which, unless that shall be needlessly impaired, will ride out the storm, sustaining themselves and sustaining others. Meanwhile, the remedies are time, endurance, and the cultivation of a spirit of forbearance and confidence, and a firm reliance upon the ultimate energies and resources of the country.

BANGOR BANKS.

Yesterday morning all the Banks in Bangor but three, the People's, the Mercantile, and the Lafayette, followed in the wake of the Western Banks and suspended specie payments. We had hoped that all our banks would hold on, and not suspend until compelled to; we believe all might have done so for some time to come, if not permanently, had they thought best. The circulation of our banks is at this time very small, and no banks in the country are so well fortified with specie in proportion to their circulation. Our banks have property and resources to pay fifteen or twenty dollars for every dollar they have out; the people in the country will therefore see what little occasion there is for alarm, or to run in their bills. There is little excitement, certainly no panic or runs here, and there need be none among the people of this section holding Bangor bills. It is in the highest degree honorable to the three banks which have resolved to stem the torrent of suspension, and move along in the old way; we trust the others will also pay specie for their bills in a few days.—Bangor Republican.

Specie commands a high premium in New York and other places. Many of the banks which have suspended paying specie, are said to have large amounts in their vaults. Will the specie be kept in vaults where it is not wanted, and where it will pay no interest, or will the bank owners and managers be venal and dishonorable enough to sell it to the exporters? The public should and will watch for all tricks of this kind, and every detection will be perpetual disgrace. Suspension is stain enough—speculation in specie by such banks will be everlasting infamy.—East. Repub.

From the Augusta Age.

THE CRISIS. That the course pursued by the Banks of New York is a gross fraud upon the public, dangerous to the stability of the Banks and subversive of the rights and interests of the community at large, none will undertake to deny. Its avowed object was to "relieve" the mercantile houses which were tottering to their fall, and the same was doubtless the real, though not the avowed object in Boston. So long as they continued to redeem their bills in specie, they could not extend their discounts. But that check being removed by a suspension of specie payment, Bank bills may be issued and loans extended without limit. This relieves the merchants and the debtors of the Banks.—And this is the simple reason why all the meetings of merchants approve it, and rejoice in its results.

But it is idle and worse than that, to accept this temporary relief without serious consideration of the consequences which must follow to the currency and to the public at large. It cannot be—it ought not to be, disguised that we stand on the brink of a precipice—that the measures of the New York Banks, if persisted in, will inevitably produce a worthless paper currency, and bring about a convulsion in property and business such as this country has never witnessed, and which will be felt by every citizen of the Republic.

We have an earnest of the future in what has already occurred. The bills of the New York Banks, in the first two days after the suspension,

depreciated fifteen per cent! And the effect of their over issues and the shock upon their credit, produced by the suspension, had scarcely begun to be felt. It is in the very nature of things that over issues by Banks must produce a depreciation of their paper. The distress of the overtrading merchants of New York has, for a moment, been relieved. But soon there will come another crisis in the disorder, and the only "relief" will be another over issue of paper money, and a further depreciation consequent upon it. The holders of their bills have already lost fifteen cents on every dollar, and the longer the suspension continues, the greater will be the loss. What right have the merchants of New York to claim "relief" from the Banks at this expense and injustice to the people at large? What right had those Banks to grant relief, at the expense of a violation of their contracts to the public, and a depreciation of their bills in the hands of holders. If they had permitted the loss and the bankruptcy to fall where it belonged, upon the overtrading merchants, the people and the currency might have been saved. But if they continue to bolster up those merchants at the expense of bill holders and of their own stability, we confess that we can see no possible chance of a resumption of specie payments within any reasonable time—no means of escape to the community within the influence of those Banks from the multiplied evils of a general bankruptcy. And if, as is pretended by some, the Eastern Banks cannot resume specie payments until the New York Banks have done so, and our Banks must refuse, so long as the Boston Banks do, we see nothing in the future to found a hope upon.

But we trust it is not so. We feel confident that the Banks of Augusta, and of the vicinity so far as we know, are now sound and abundantly able to meet all their liabilities. They will continue so, unless they extend their circulation. We have the amplest assurances, public and private, that they will not do so—that the only object of suspension is to enable them to redeem their bills with less distress to their debtors than they could do, without a temporary suspension—and that it will be their first business to cancel, as soon as possible, in good faith, all their liabilities to the public.

We repose confidence in these assurances, and we doubt not that the public will also. The safety of the Banks, as well as of the public, lies in that course only; and the Banks need not be told that the sentiment of this community will indignantly frown upon the least appearance of any attempt to increase their liabilities to the public, and add to the depreciation of paper money, by extending their discounts and circulation. The Banks owe duties to their debtors (and we regret to say that we are among the number,) but they owe higher duties to the bill holders and the public. The whole hope of the country and the currency lies in a speedy resumption of specie payments by the Banks. In order to bring this about, a just degree of forbearance and confidence must be exercised by bill holders and the public, as we doubt not it will be, to the Banks in this vicinity, so long as nothing occurs to cast doubt upon the fulfillment of the assurances, in which universal confidence is now reposed, that the Banks will not extend their issues or take any other course calculated to prevent a speedy resumption of specie payment.

It is vastly convenient for those who are now receiving the awards of overdone business and overdrawn credit to charge all their embarrassments and difficulties to the Administration. It serves as a salvo for inflated vanity and blith mis calculation.

The insane speculator finds ample excuse for his mad folly in making the General Government bear all the blame. Every misfortune of delusive hope, every failure of promised and expected gain is straightway fastened upon the Specie Circular, or some other Government mandate.

People are willing to look at every place but home for the origin of the misery which is now being visited upon them. They cannot bear the thought of having been instrumental in forwarding their own doom. The plain and evident cause of distress is too simple to be regarded. Some "great thing" must be done, and some great and high sounding reason for all this calamity must be given. Anything and every thing that will relieve the suffering from blame is anxiously and readily sought and caught.

The galled and jaded adventurers, when their overtasked strength begins to wane, look away from the self imposed burdens under which they are daily sinking, to objects which cannot in the remotest degree add to their difficulties. Some scape goat must be found on which to impose and pile the monstrous accumulation of madness and folly which has so long been gathering. The Administration is found ready at hand, and this is directly taxed as being the author of all the woes now experienced. This is saddled forthwith, with the heaped up enormities which have become grievous to those who have been busy in causing their accumulation.

It is nothing to the purpose that business of every kind and degree has been vastly overdone. It will not relieve the anxiety of the distressed to point them to the projected capital of years to come, which has exhausted and made a perfect finish of credit. This is bringing the matter too near home. It is charging the violation of all the laws and regulations of trade upon the true author. This will not do. Some innocent victim must be found capable of sustaining the whole iniquitous means.

This victim is the Administration. Those whose insanity has been exhibited in devising new and unfired sources for past outlay and

expenditure of the continuation charge the General Government with the results of his own error.]

ON JO

In our last paper of specie payment, Providence, and spread to the other, showed the example of a good deal of small bills, and in banks to drain it purpose of supply they have issued. A similar measure doubtless be indefinitely delayed the law of this State, a heavy penalty to interest we believe after a demand of a hundred specie paid, the been declared for to induce all the that thus they alter the holders shape of extra in ing the officer, on their guard a king advantage selves have been of their own accepted their char benefit, but for to derive from this in times of a strict compulsion burdensome and their charters. should require for combination of

State's Conve our readers to the matter of great the selection of error to be supplied democratic party the requisite man and respect of the more likely to a lie opinion is di. We have one of whom we our political fri different to all, for one individual ing to the wide This is the pr Democratic pr the Convention tions as they sh fundamental pr the majority m present any di plantation seem willing or tea up their minds do as a whole. I-4. This our di- actually the re friends of the re- ousible means to at the same time result, not settle proaching wher ings for the ch this County will

At the Supre week the Gran viz: one again king and passin not guilty.—Ve for life. James house of Wm, ed not guilty on five years. Not guilty. State's Prosec pending appeal and one in the C is said to have

New HAM information State are sou business tran not as yet be suspensions a there may be ed on busine gations taken York and com mercial failu in banks wit What the st Banks at Ne matter of ur seaports and their confid so as to hon shall supply be no diffi on our Ban ers to run u blamed for of Banks st sent to any do the busi foundation. In the cour bility so to down our p specie whi And this w rather than a suspensio triot.]

be no difficulty. If the Boston Banks run on our Banks for specie or suffer Boston brokers to run upon them, our Banks will not be blamed for resisting. Never will the owners of Banks stock nor the people of this State consent to any permanent arrangement which would do the business of banking without a solid foundation. Our paper circulation is small in the course of three months we have the ability so to lessen our discounts as to bring down our paper circulation to the amount of specie which may always be commanded. And this will assuredly be done in this State rather than continue for any considerable time a suspension of specie payments.—[N. H. Trial.]

Shocking Accident.—On Friday last a clerk of Mr. Randall Robinson, of Gardiner was playing with a gun; not knowing it was loaded, he pointed it at his sister and discharged it, and by her head and killed her instantly. A sister who was in the room received some of shot in her neck, and is seriously though dangerously wounded. —Hallowell Adv.

Doct. T. H. Brown
HE AS taken the Office of the late Doct. Buck; and
 may be found at the Tavern of S. Norris, Esq.,
 Paris-Hill, May 16, 1837. U 4

Attest—James M. Dolloff.
Rumford, March 21, 1837.

Howe.
Norway, April 23rd, 1837. 33

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